




Fourth
Annual
Stephan G.
Stephansson
Poetry
Competition

Anthology 1989

Alberta

CULTURE AND MULTICULTURALISM



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The Fourth Annual Stephan G. Stephansson Poetry Competition

During the 1988/89 school year, Alberta Culture and Multiculturalism, Historic Sites Service, sponsored the Fourth Annual Stephan G. Stephansson Poetry Competition for school age children in Central Alberta. The objectives of this competition are to create an awareness of Stephan G. Stephansson, Canada's "Poet of the Rocky Mountains" and his poetry, and to provide an opportunity for students to express themselves in verse.

Poems were judged by an independent panel of judges. One winner and two honourable mentions were chosen in each of the grade categories 3-12. The winning poems were read and prizes were awarded by the guest poet, Mr. Bruce Whyte, at "Poets Day", on June 10th at Stephansson House Historic Site.

This anthology contains the ten first prize and twenty honourable mention poems as selected by our judges. We hope you will enjoy reading them.



Share Your Feelings

There's a lot of feelings in this
wonderful world.

There's sad and mad
And shy and glad.

Put them all together and what do you have?
EMOTIONS!

Everybody has varied feelings
Fearful feelings
Cheerful feelings
Mangled feelings
Tangled feelings

Share your feelings and you will find out
That if you share you will discover some yourself!

Happy, Glad or Sad
I'm glad I have ... Feelings!

*Kristine Nielsen
First Prize
Grade 3
Spruce View School
Spruce View*

Jelly Land

I went to a place called Jelly Land.
With jelly trees and jelly sand.
And when I looked in the sky,
I saw jelly birds flying way up high.
I went to a bar, they gave me a dish,
And I looked at the sea and saw a jelly fish.
I saw a jelly camel dancing with a jelly mammal.
I thought that it was a crazy day,
even though I wanted to stay.

*Brandy Wenger
Honourable Mention
Grade 3
St. Elizabeth Seton School
Red Deer*

Butterfly

Butterfly! Butterfly where do you fly?
Over the meadow away up high.
What do you see away up high?
Why, flowers and bugs and other things to spy.
And what do you see way up in those big
trees?
Why caterpillars, worms and other things like
these.

*Lindsay Blair
Honourable Mention
Grade 3
St. Elizabeth Seton School
Red Deer*

Over The Rainbow

Somewhere over the rainbow
Way up in the sky,
I know there is a unicorn
With a twinkle in her eye.

Her tail and her mane
Sparkle in the sun
Like raindrops on a window
Before they start to run.

I want to see my unicorn
And sit up on her back
To go away to places
Always sunny, never black.

To see the world of rainbows
With colors bright and fun,
I love my little unicorn
Who lives beyond the sun.

*Amanda Roberts
First Prize
Grade 4
St. Elizabeth Seton School
Red Deer*

Summer Days

As soon as school days were over
I ran outside and found a clover.

And as I lay in the tall, tall grass,
I watched the clouds as they drifted past.

I thought about laying on a sandy beach
Or sinking my teeth into a ripe peach.

I thought about going to summer camp
Or riding my bike with my dog Scamp.

And when it is September
I will always remember,

My Summer Days.

*Tracy Fitch
Honourable Mention
Grade 4
C.P. Blakely School
Sylvan Lake*

War

Many, many years ago,
People fought through rain and snow.

Fought all night and fought all day,
Didn't know the price they'd pay.

They hid in holes dug in the ground,
Hoping they would not be found.

Running, hiding here and there,
Bombs could go off anywhere.

Tanks and planes and people dying,
The mothers dead, the babies crying.

Too many lives are lost in war,
Let's have peace forevermore.

*Ebony Chapman
Honourable Mention
Grade 4
Centennial Elementary School
Wetaskiwin*

Silence

I watched him swerving, jolting
and darting.

Tossing himself, dipping and diving
into the wind.

Falling, Falling, Falling, Falling
down from the sky.

Flapping his wings
with enormous strength,

Looking so proud, looking so proud,
expecting something to come.

Then out of the sky comes
another bird,
swerving, and darting, dipping
and diving.

Then they leave the sky.

Nothing is left, nothing is left,
nothing is left but silence.

*Kelly Tulloch
Honourable Mention
Grade 5
Crestomere School
Lacombe*

The Eagle

As I sit, upon a hill
And wonder why
how does that eagle
Soar so high

As I lay beneath a tree
I close my eyes
And wish it was me

He flies above the trees so green
His talons look so sharp and mean
as he swoops upon his prey
I turn my head and look away

This eagle, so huge and brawn
makes his landing on the ground
He flaps his wings, one final time
That's how I see
The eagle, in my mind

*Kelly Havanka
Honourable Mention
Grade 5
Falun School
Falun*

Par

If I would have only hit with a wood
If I would have hit harder
If I hit over, not in
If I putted in two, not in seven
If I looked at the ball not the girl
If I used a one, not a nine iron
If I didn't take out foot long divots
I would've got par

*Robbie Auger
First Prize
Grade 5
Corinthia Park School
Leduc*

Grandpa's Tractor

I was in grandpa's tractor once,
I remember the smell
Of sweat and oil
And water from the well.

The sight of the land below us
Brings comfort to my eyes
Softly plowed furrows
As the dust swirls by.

The sound of the motor running
Vibrates as we go
Bumping through the fields
Row after Row.

The hot sun beats upon us
And makes the tractor warm
My hands are hot on the tool box
As we head for home.

*Stacy Gunderson
First Prize
Grade 6
Our Lady of Mount Pleasant
Camrose*

Pollution

Little bird as you fly so high,
be careful where you land.
Beware the bug spray in the trees,
and tin cans in the sand.

Rabbit as you hop away
searching for a home;
Beware the broken glass
scattered across the road.

The people they have come again,
and left behind a mess;
that even Mother Nature
couldn't possibly try to fix.

When will the people learn
what garbage cans are for?
You put your trash inside them
and no more mess galore.

*Jocelan Ladner
Honourable Mention
Grade 6
Corinthia Park School
Leduc*

Push On With Papers

As I plowed down the stormy street,
I knew at once that it would be no treat,
Snow whipping hard at my face,
You'd think it was descending from outer space,
Dreadful drifts taller than I,
How would I ever, ever get by?
Wind screaming through my legs,
Soon frozen like metal pegs,
My bag at last had grown light,
And my final house was in sight,
Frozen over, homeward I head
Longing for hot chocolate in bed.

*Kelly Moran
Honourable Mention
Grade 6
Our Lady of Mount Pleasant School
Camrose*

The Sunset Sky

Pink and magenta across the sky,
The fiery red of the sun.
The clouds are claimed in a shadow of gold,
Just before the day is done.

Mountains turn to a lavender blue,
the sea a bowl of fire.
But then it's gone, it can't last for long,
for these colors, they quickly tire.

And as they fade,
before my eyes,
I'm enraptured by the beauty
of the quiet, starry skies.

*Shannon Parker
First Prize
Grade 7
Lacombe Christian School
Lacombe*

"Old Houses"

There is a memory stays within old houses,
A valued treasure in the attic,
Of happy kids and loving spouses,
Of grandfather clocks that went tic! toc! tic!

They have remembered beautiful sunsets,
And shining sun that woke the world,
And the birds up in their twiggy nests,
And all the baseballs children have hurled.

Ah, never think that old houses forget
a Christmas,
Or thunderstorms, or winds whistling all
night.

They do not forget the fluffy snow,
And people walking in the moonlight.

Thinking of how much their children grew.
Old houses have memories, old and new.

*Gillian Gerber
Honourable Mention
Grade 7
Rosalind School
Rosalind*

Grey

Grey is the color of mist
Grey is the sound a snake has hissed,
Grey are my shoes,
Grey is a sickness you want to lose.
Grey is the fog,
A half-burned log,
Grey is a sea-gull.
Grey is a color,
Grey is a feeling,
So thin and dull.

*Howard Waunch
Honourable Mention
Grade 7
Caroline School
Caroline*

The Family Of Three

The family of three, the family tree.
My mother, my brother and me.
Standing against the winds of fear,
We will never shed a tear.
Could it be, we will always be,
The family of three, the family tree?
We will stick together in the toughest of times.
Like a bell, our love always chimes.
The family of three, the family tree.
My mother, my brother, and me.

*Jamie Harris
First Prize
Grade 8
Caroline School
Caroline*

The Traveller

YOU,
A traveller
Seek refuge
Dark mist surrounds you
The full moon shines dimly through the clouds
You come to a gate
Hounds bark
Somewhere a horn sounds
A fox hunt
You are the fox
Phantom hounds and riders chase you through
the mist
You run,
Can't stop
You run,
Your heart pounds in your ears
You run,
Can't stop
A black figure materializes from out of
the mist,
Void
Nothingness,
You Run
Can't stop
You scream
Then
Darkness.

*Jeffery Helm
Honourable Mention
Grade 8
Lacombe Junior High
Lacombe*

*(can be read from top to bottom
or from bottom to top)*

This Was My Grandpa

This was my grandpa
At 75
Living on a farm
Enjoying his woodwork.

His happiness . . . his kindness . . . his love
His enjoyment of auction sales
His life, like a project in woodworking
Almost complete.

This was my grandpa
At 75
The one who built me a doll cradle
When I was six.
Complete to the last detail,
Nothing forgotten.

He was awfully good at telling stories
But always there when needed.

This was my grandpa
At 75
And even death should have been ashamed
To shorten his story

*Carrie Lindstrand
Honourable Mention
Grade 8
Round Hill School
Round Hill*

A Sense Of Friendship

In the misty moonlight of my dreams
I see your face;
In the rustle of the autumn leaves
I hear your voice;
During the banquet of my youth
I taste your words of comfort;
In moments of my distress
You touch my heart;
When life's insanity captures me;
Your fragrance of tranquility
sets me
free!

*Jeannine Irving
First Prize
Grade 9
Griffiths-Scott School
Millet*

Black Or White???

There's always been one question,
The answer, for which I can not find.
"If God created all men equal,
How come some people can't be kind?"

Books only hint at the answer,
And they are not always right.
To love your neighbor as yourself,
Doesn't mean you're supposed to fight.

Everyone should be our brother,
Whether they are black or white.
For peace we must see through their eyes,
And not assume that we are right.

Do you expect me to believe
You've done things to help them meet
their needs.

I wonder, are beatings, murder and
Apartheid on your list of lovely deeds?

I know the stories of Biko and King,*
What's going on here is not right.
When God created all men equal,
He should have found a neutral, not black
or white.

*Stephen Biko
Martin Luther King Jr.

*Andrea Thain
Honourable Mention
Grade 9
West Park Junior High
Red Deer*

I endlessly loved you once
But I was senseless enough
To believe that you changed
And in loving you again
I only succeeded
In afflicting myself even more
Than when our foundation crumbled
The first time

I should have known better
Than to devote myself to you
A second time
Knowing that all it would bring
Were more hardships and pain

I was young and foolish then
But now, I am older and wiser
And I still feel a narrow amount
Of affection towards you
And your moods

If you could see inside my heart
Then you would understand how I feel
And the convincing thoughts of
Needing you back to make me whole
Are slowly diminishing
As I sadly accept the fact
That you are gone
And you're never coming back

*Leeann Bourassa
Honourable Mention
Grade 9
Christ The King School
Leduc*

The Two Dimensional Man

He lies
On the surface of a poster
face of a picture
thoughts
emotions
feelings — displayed
unable to come out
 for he lies
 behind the barrier
 of two dimension
Man I cannot meet
hair as soft
as a kitten's touch
eyes with the mystery
of the midnight moon
bright
beautiful
am I to know
 for he lies
 behind the barrier
 of two dimension
When this obstacle
surpasses
this impediment
fractures
shatters — I shall join him
 for he lies
 behind the barrier
 of two dimension

*Christina Klein
First Prize
Grade 10
Hay Lakes School
Hay Lakes*

As I Look

As I look,
I see a rusted image,
Of what was once an angel.
As I look,
I see someone striving to
Understand life's great mysteries.
As I look,
The image slowly fades away,
And someone wonders what is left.
As I look,
I see a soul being torn apart
from the middle.
As I look,
Deeper into the image, I see,
A mind growing more confused
by the day.
Now, as I look, I see the future.
Where it all gets harder,
And it seems you're living to live.
Still, as I look,
I see a wondering soul,
A mindless body
And a warped view of life.

*Angie Enkirch
Honourable Mention
Grade 10
H.J. Cody School
Sylvan Lake*

The Winter Night

The stars
are more silent
than anything I have known
They hang, suspended
coldly glittering
against the dark sky
My eyes see only
my shadow
darkly outlined against the snow
by the brilliance of the moon
My nose smells only
the cold crispness of the air
I feel only
the weight
of the vast emptiness
of all that surrounds me
My tongue tastes only
the edge of fear in my throat
And my ears hear only
the silence
of the stars

*Sarah Klappstein
Honourable Mention
Grade 10
Hay Lakes School
Hay Lakes*

The Life Behind The Face

The day is over and he returns to his trailer
The Joker of the circus made his rounds this
afternoon
Turning cartwheels and cracking one-liners
As spasmodic giggling and ear-to-ear grins filled
the grounds
But as the last child reluctantly leaves through
the gates
So does the feeling of belonging and
contentedness.
Alone, with only his brown-bagged bottle as
comfort,
he strips off his face.
The painted red smile, exaggerated to the fullest
extent, hiding
his rough, cracked lips, is wiped away.
The yellow, green and blue geometrical shapes
of clownish design
are splashed with the cool, crisp rainwater
from the night before
and slowly it trickles down his face leaving
streaks of an ivory face.
Vitality itself is washed away to reveal the
sorrowful,
neglected old man he is.

*Marcene Jacobi
First Prize
Grade 11
Wetaskiwin Composite High
Wetaskiwin*

A Circle That Never Starts

A dot in the middle of the drawing paper.
A dot of great potential.
Not ever developing.

A meaningless dot.
That never knows the curves, lines
And colors art creates.

Like a writer, who puts a period
Before his first sentence,
In what could have been his greatest novel.

Death before birth,
Like a circle that never starts, just a dot.

*Clayton Tait
Honourable Mention
Grade 11
Wetaskiwin Composite High
Wetaskiwin*

The Child

My dad hit the hammer down on his thumb,
my mom just laughed and said he was dumb.
But I did the same thing the other day
and the hammer was taken away.
Mom yelled in such a rage,
Don't mess with that. Try and act your age.

I banged my head on the wall last night,
my mom said I gave her such a fright.
She said be more careful, stop acting wild.
When will you stop acting like a child?
But when my dad fell over the chair last night,
everyone laughed and said enjoy your flight.

I don't understand, I'm only 9 years old.
It's hard when you're always being told,
Grow up, stop acting wild,
stop acting like a child.

What is the age to be a child?
What is the age to start acting wild?
When can you play those silly games
and call your friends silly names.

The answer won't come for quite awhile,
but I have a notion
you have to be grown up to act like a child.

*Janeen Murphy
Honourable Mention
Grade 11
Wetaskiwin Composite High
Wetaskiwin*

In A Second . . .

An insane delirium has swept my mind.
Only for a moment. WHOOSH! It's gone.
A fleeting craze dripping slowly but surely.
A second gone, a second to come. Many more
to come.

Many more to go, away. They move like the
Albatross,
without a second stop. HA! See many seconds
have passed before our eyes.

Count them and you will grow with them,
like a parasite grows with its host.
Like the vein of a leaf, of the stem,
of the root of the earth. That's what drives us
mad, the infinity of continuity.
Are there any philosophers left?
Surely not, it would be a disgrace to technology.

Can the lovers eye be bent? Of course. We're
only human.

HA! Such a disgrace to our creed.
Those pious preachers (and not the religious
ones) who state
that we must change with the times. I tried
telling them that
time doesn't change, but they wouldn't listen.

I'm not in cahoots with this world or its
uncoordinated candor,
or its blessed clocks. But at least I know what
time it is:

Time to make my wake, to enter my real realm,
My unscrupulous mind.

*Guy Fix
First Prize
Grade 12*

*Camille J. Lerouge Collegiate
Red Deer*

Humble Arrogance

Shackled by manacles of diamond
Tethered by emerald yokes
Imprisoned by a cage of golden bars
Weeping their plight into silken scarves
by Christian Dior.

They are the true indigent
Bereft of the necessities of life
Living in captivity
Where friends are their sentinels.

Diamond is not easily broken.
Yet gold is easily bent
But it does no good to strain against
The chains which tear and rent
Because —

They are fettered by opulence,
confined by their empire,
Resignedly submitting to chattels.
Imprisoned in a golden cage,
They cling desperately to their muzzles
and pinions
Because no other reality is known
so —

They remain the needy
Shackled by diamond manacles
Imprisoned in a cage of golden bars
Weeping their plight into silken scarves
By Christian Dior.

*Nicole Marcotte
Honourable Mention
Grade 12
Hay Lakes School
Hay Lakes*

Dolce Vita

The melody runs swiftly
What do you see?
The melody runs swiftly,
An off-note, beat, key.
No thank you, please.
Prestissimo! Prestissimo!

The trillions of triplets,
Only Crescendo, you see.
But someday, as they recline,
They will tumble
and
fail,
With as much grace and surety
as a Cat,
sans tail

But the off-beat note,
That provokes a smirk and a smile,
If measured correctly,
With time and rests,
Patience and an attempt at not only
the best,
But sung with courage,
And doctored with slides,
Slips and grace,

May not be Classical,
Nor bound with ribbon and lace,

But surely is Dolce Vita.

*Aaron Stavne
Honourable Mention
Grade 12
Hay Lakes School
Hay Lakes*

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Notes

